The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46..... NO. 16,862.

WADSWORTH AND LORIMER.

A certain pitch of insolence needs daring. Representatives Wadsworth and Lorimer in their present alliance with the Beef Packers are welcome to any admiration which their audacity can command.

Down in Washington they are hard at work ripping the vitals out of the Beveridge amendment. They have not even the grace to hide the nakedness of their practices beneath the veil of a decent excuse; but with their tongues in their cheeks justify their efforts to emasculate the amendment as attempts to "make it constitutional!"

Apparently they believe that it would be unconstitutional for the packers to refrain from "forging, removing, defacing or altering the inspection tags placed on carcasses by Federal inspectors." For Section 7 forbids these activities, and Section 7 Messrs. Wadsworth and Lorimer have stricken out.

Apparently it would be unconstitutional to prevent the packers from indulging in the illegal and filthy acts which they accomplish most freely and frequently at night. For Section 8, which provides for night inspection, has been stricken out by Wadsworth and Lorimer.

Apparently it would be unconstitutional to make the packers pay for the additional inspection which their own criminal and vicious doings have necessitated; unconstitutional also to prevent them from appealing from court to court to get a final decision on whether a piece of meat is "fit for human food," when it is not decayed, but merely putrescent.

Finally, it would be unconstitutional to make felonies out of the infamies at which the Beveridge amendment is aimed.

So Messrs. Wadsworth and Lorimer have converted them into mere misdemeanors, conviction for which would bring no discomfort to their packing friends.

As for our own interpretation of the Constitution, we are convinced that its spirit would be utterly violated if these two men are ever again sent back to the duties which they have dishonored and betrayed.

FOR SUBWAY SAFETY.

Chief Engineer Rice's recommendations for safeguarding the Subway against fire risks will meet popular approval. First of all the copper-sheathed wooden cars must go, even if they go to the scrap heap.

An adequate fire line service should be installed along the entire route, as Mr. Rice urges, so that water can be had at interior points for immediate use. This was promised before the road began operation. To devise "means for quickly removing smoke from the Subway in fire emergencies" will necessitate radical changes in the system of ventilation.

But the main and urgent thing is to reduce the fire danger to a minimum by getting rid of inflammable material and by providing a water supply for instantly quenching an incipient blaze.

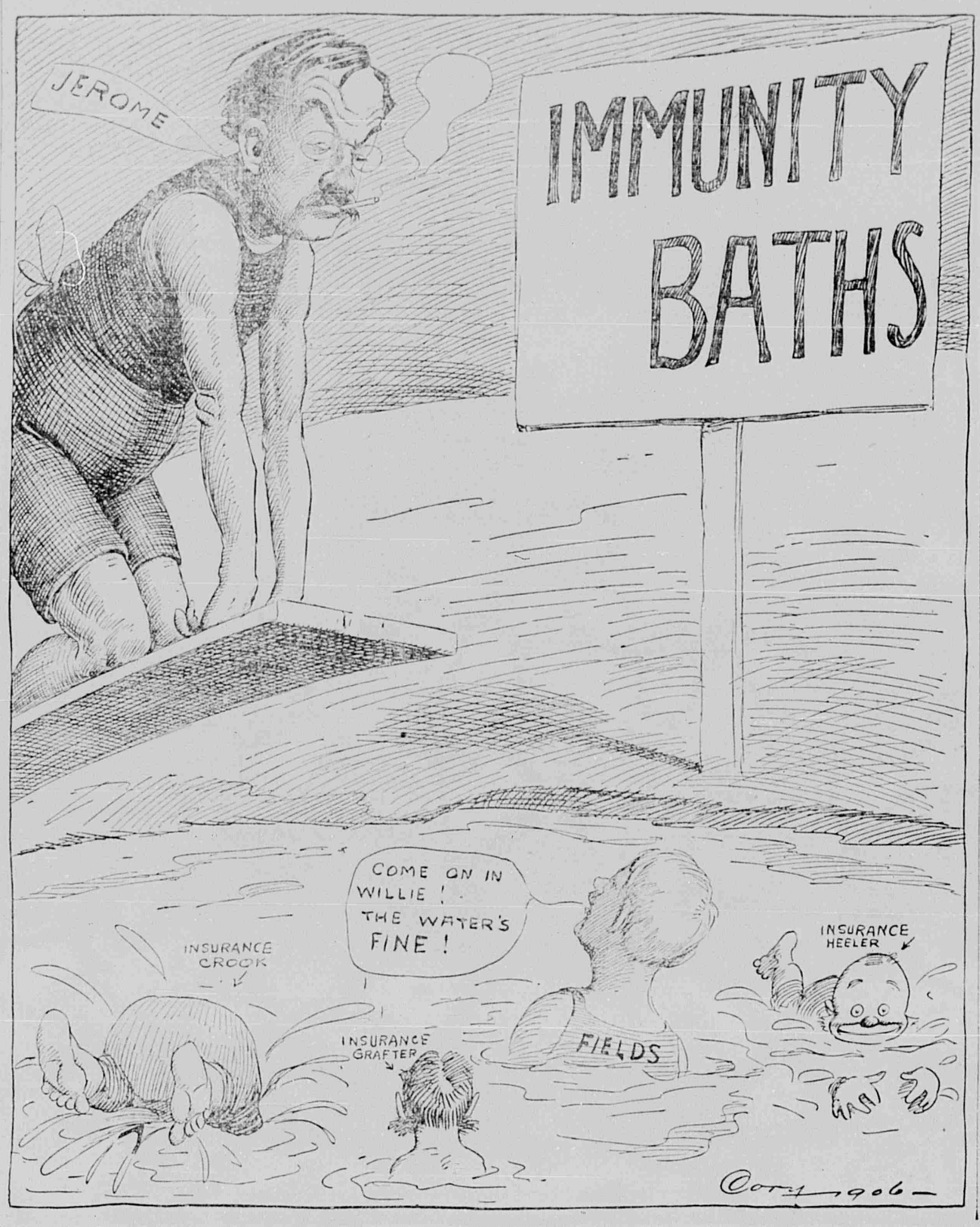
SINGING IN NEW YORK.

Composer Sousa says that the American public is forgetting how to sing. The phonograph, he says, is delegated to do their singing for them and their vocal cords are suffered to deteriorate.

This does not seem to be the case in New York. Has Mr. Sousa ever gone on a popular excursion up the river or sat on a recreation pier at night or peered into one of Mr. Damrosch's people's chorus rehearsals at Cooper Union? Has he looked on at east side dances when the orchestra strikes up a popular tune? Has he occupied a Harlem flat on a summer evening? There seems to the chance observer to be as much congregational singing in the churches as ever. Children in the streets sing a good deal when a hand-organ comes their way. They sing every morning at school. In the case of the phonograph it may be thought to have stimulated occasional singing by making popular airs familiar.

Next!

By J. Campbell Cory.



Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did:
Why They Did It:
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 35—The War of 1812—Who Won It?

WHO won the war of 1812?

The question has never been satisfactorily answered. Victory has been variously claimed for both nations. Perhaps each reader, after the following brief summing up of the conflict, can form his or her own independent ideas.

Though, by the terms of the treaty, each side was forced to restore all property and territory captured during the war, yet concerning the real causes of warfare and the grievances we had fought to redress no word was spoken. England had blockaded our ports, insulted our nation, committed illegal depredations on us and had impressed our sailors to serve in the British navy.

To avenge and check the foregoing abuses we had gone to war. But in the peace treaty England did not give, nor was she required to give, a single promise, pledge or intimation that no more such outrages would be committed. We had fought to accomplish certain reforms, and (to judge merely by the treaty) we failed to accomplish any of them.

The Peace Treaty's Strange Omission

Yet so gallantly had our navy behaved during the three years from 1812 to 1815 that a healthy respect for our sea prowess had been instilled into English hearts. England found it unsafe to meddle with our ships, and the impressment of American seamen was stopped. This much, by example if not by actual agreement, the war accomplished for the United States.

We had, besides, taught all the world that, though young, undisciplined and of meagre resources, we could fight and would fight; that farmers and clerks could at a pinch make a very fair showing against the best trained armies of Europe. It was a wholesome lesson. Europe for more than a half century profited by it and let us alone.

Nor were the lessons taught by the war confined solely to the Eastern Hemisphere. America, too, had mastered several needful bits of information. We had learned the pressing need for self-defense; for national unity of purpose, patriotism and action; for protecting the country against foreign influence; for self-support, and for non-dependence on foreign nations. In 1812 a blockade had ruined our commerce because that commerce depended almost wholly on Europe. The country learned to rely on itself for commercial prosperity in manufacture, agriculture and other things.

Thus, it will be seen that the war's results were not really so disastrous to the United States as they seemed at the time. They taught a severe, but sorely needed moral lesson. A lesson by which the young nation was not slow to profit.

The total money cost to us of the war was about $100,000,000—a sum the depleted treasury could ill afford. Thirty thousand men sacrificed their lives in battle. Not until one considers the fact that the total population of the country was then less than 9,000,000 is the full extent of this loss in life appreciated. It represented more than one-third of 1 per cent. of the total population. A proportionate loss in war to-day would mean more than 240,000 killed.

The total British loss at sea was 56 war vessels, with 830 cannon, as against the American loss of 25 men-o'-war, with 350 cannon. Also thousands of merchant ships were captured by privateers on both sides, but more by America than by England. We, however, were less able to stand such losses than were our wealthier foes.

New England, first of the Colonial groups to resent British aggressions in the eighteenth century, had been singularly averse to the War of 1812. Protest after protest was made by these Northern States against what they deemed an unjust and unnecessary conflict. The famous Hartford Convention, too, framed a set of resolutions condemning the country's belligerent attitude and demanding a cessation of hostilities.

For these instances of anti-jingoism New England was then and thereafter severely blamed.

As a matter of fact, however, Massachusetts sent more men to battle than did any other State in the Union, and the New England States contributed more in men and munitions for the war of which they disapproved than did the entire South, which was mainly responsible for bringing on hostilities.

So far as aggression was concerned during the war of 1812 we failed most lamentably. Our several attempts to invade Canada scored no permanent success.

Adding Up the Gains and Losses.

Whereas, England blockaded our whole seaboard, ravaged our coast towns, burned our villages and cities and, in most instances of the sort, escaped unscathed. Only at Lundy's Lane, at New Orleans and at Harrison's Michigan engagement did we win any really notable land battles. Our victories at sea were, for the most part, merely individual duelling triumphs. Perry's squadron was in the greatest sea fight of the war, and he conquered a force inferior in numbers to his own.

The British troops with ease captured and sacked our capital and made our President a temporary fugitive. Had we terrorized England's coast, sailed up the Thames, captured and burned London and driven England's King into hiding, should we not with some degree of assurance claimed a general victory? This is what the British forces did, and on this and the treaty terms many commentators base the claim that England won the war. On the other hand, Jackson's wonderful exploit at New Orleans and Scott's at Lundy's Lane, coupled with the phenomenal success of our little navy against its stronger foe, are held by other historians to offset the British gains. Let each decide for himself.

Though the question "Who Won the War?" remains unanswered, there can be no question as to its lasting results on the Republic.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

(Copyright, 1903, 1904, by Harper & Brothers.)

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

LODER still met her eyes. "I realize nothing of the sort," he said.

"Then you admit that you are not Jack Chilcote?"

"I neither deny nor admit. My identity is obvious. I can get twenty men to swear to it at any moment that you like. The fact that I haven't worn rings till now will scarcely interest them."

"But you do admit—to me, that you are not Jack?"

"I deny nothing—and admit nothing. I still offer my congratulations."

"Upon what?"

"The same possession—your imagination."

Lillian stamped her foot. Then, by a quick effort, she conquered her temper. "Prove me to be wrong!" she said, with a fresh touch of excitement. "Take off your rings and let me see your hand."

With a deliberate gesture Loder put his hand behind his back. "I never gratify childish curiosity," he said with another smile.

Again a flash of temper crossed her eyes. "Are you sure," she said, "that it's quite wise to talk like that?"

Loder laughed again. "Is that a threat?"

"Perhaps."

"Then it's an empty one."

"Why?"

Before replying he waited a moment, looking down at her.

"I conclude," he began, quietly, "that your idea is to spread this wild, improbable story—to ask people to believe that John Chilcote, whom they see before them, is not John Chilcote, but somebody else. Now you'll find that a harder task than you imagine. This is a sceptical world, and people are absurdly fond of their own eyesight. We are all journalists nowadays—we want facts. The first thing you will be asked for is your proof. And what does your proof consist of? The circumstance that John Chilcote, who has always despised jewelry, has lately taken to wearing rings! Your own statement, unattended by any witnesses, that with these rings off his finger bears a scar belonging to another man! No; on close examination I scarcely imagine that your case would hold." He stopped, fired by his own logic. The future might be Chilcote's, but the present was his; and this present—with its immeasurable possibilities—had been rescued from catastrophe. "No," he said, again. "When you get your proof perhaps we'll have another talk; but till then"——

"Till then?" She looked up quickly; but almost at once her question died away.

The door had opened, and the servant who had admitted Loder stood in the opening.

"Dinner is served!" he announced, in his deferential voice.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AND Loder dined with Lillian Astrupp. We live in an age when society expects, even exacts, much. He dined, not through cowardice, but because it seemed the obvious, the only thing to do. To him a scene of any description was distasteful; to Lillian it was unknown. In her world people loved or hated, were spiteful or foolish, were even quixotic or dishonorable, but they seldom made scenes. Loder tacitly saw and tacitly accepted this.

Possibly they ate extremely little during the course of the dinner, and talked extraordinarily much on subjects that interested neither; but the main point at least was gained. They dined. The conventionalities were appeased; the silent, watchful servants who waited on them were given no food for comment. The fact that Loder left immediately after dinner, the fact that he paused on the doorstep after the hall door had closed behind him, and drew a long, deep breath of relief, held only an individual significance and therefore did not count.

On reaching Chilcote's house he passed at once to the study and dismissed Greening for the night. But scarcely had he taken advantage of his solitude by settling into an armchair and lighting a cigar, than Renwick, displaying an unusual amount of haste and importance, entered the room carrying a letter.

Seeing Loder, he came forward at once. "Mr. Fraide's man brought this, sir," he explained. "He was most particular to give it into my hands—making sure 'twould reach you. He's waiting for an answer, sir."

Loder rose and took the letter, a quick thrill of speculation and interest springing across his mind. During his time of banishment he had followed the political situation with feverish attention, insupportably chafed by the desire to share in it, apprehensively chilled at the thought of Chilcote's possible behavior. He knew that in the comparatively short interval since Parliament had risen no act of aggression had marked the Russian occupation of Meshed, but he also knew that Fraide and his followers looked askance at that great power's amiable attitude, and at sight of his leader's message his intuition stirred.

With the extreme quiet that covered emotion, he moved to the desk and wrote a note.

Turning to the nearest lamp, he tore the envelope open and scanned the letter anxiously. It was written in Fraide's own clear, somewhat old-fashioned writing, and opened with a kindly rebuke for his desertion of him since the day of his speech; then immediately, and with characteristic clearness, it opened up the subject nearest the writer's mind.

Very slowly and attentively Loder read the letter; and with the extreme quiet that with him invariably covered emotion, he moved to the desk, wrote a note, and handed it to the waiting servant. As the man turned toward the door he called him.

"Renwick!" he said, sharply, "when you've given that letter to Mr. Fraide's servant, ask Mrs. Chilcote if she can spare me five minutes."

When Renwick had gone and closed the door behind him, Loder paced the room with feverish activity. In one moment the aspect of life had been changed. Five minutes since he had been glorying in the risk of a barely saved situation; now that situation with its merely social complications had become a matter of small importance.

His long, striding steps had carried him to the fireplace, and his back was toward the door when at last the handle turned. He wheeled round to receive Eve's message; then a look of pleased surprise crossed his face. It was Eve herself who stood in the doorway.

Without hesitation his lips parted. "Eve," he said, abruptly, "I have had great news! Russia has shown her teeth at last. Two caravans belonging to a British trader were yesterday interfered with by a band of Cossacks. The affair occurred a couple of miles outside Meshed; the traders remonstrated, but the Russians made summary use of their advantage. Two Englishmen were wounded and one of them has since died. Fraide has only now received the news—which cannot be overrated. It gives the precise lever necessary for the big move at the reassembling." He spoke with great earnestness and unusual haste. As he finished he took a step forward. "But that's not all!" he added. "Fraide wants the great move set in motion by a great speech—and he asked me to make it.'

For a moment Eve waited. She looked at him in silence; and in that silence he read in her eyes the reflection of his own expression.

"And you?" she asked, in a suppressed voice. "What answer did you give?"

He watched her for an instant, taking a strange pleasure in her flushed face and brilliantly eager eyes; then the joy of conscious strength, the sense of opportunity regained, swept all other considerations out of sight.

"I accepted," he said, quickly. "Could any man who was merely human have done otherwise?"

That was Loder's attitude and action on the night of his jeopardy and his success, and the following day found his mood unchanged. He was one of those rare individuals who never give a promise overnight and regret it in the morning. He was slow to move, but when he did the movement brushed all obstacles aside. In the first days of his usurpation he had gone cautiously, half fascinated, half distrustful; then the reality, the extraordinary tangibility of the position had gripped him when, matching himself for the first time with men of his own calibre, he had learned his real weight on the day of his protest against the Easter adjournment. With that knowledge had been born the dominant factor in his whole scheme—the overwhelming, insistent desire to manifest his power. That desire that is the salvation or the ruin of every strong man who has once realized his strength. Supremacy was the note to which his ambition reached. To trample out Chilcote's footmarks with his own had been his tacit instinct from the first; now it rose paramount. It was the whole theory of creation—the survival of the fittest—the deep, egotistical certainty that he was the better man.

(To Be Continued.)